


I STOOD AMID THE GLITTERING THRONG.

I stood amid the glittering throng,
I heard a voice—its tones were sweet !
I turned to see from whence they came—
And gazed on all I long'd to meet !
She was a fair and gentle girl !
Her bright smile greeted me by chance,
I whisper'd low—I took her hand----
I led her forth to dance.

There was but little space to move,
So closely all were drawn ;
Yet she was light of heart and step
And graceful as a fawn.
A virgin flower gemm'd her hair,
Her beauty to enhance :
She was the star of all who stood,
In that close cottage dance.

I've mov'd since then in princely halls—
I tread them even now ;
I hold in mine the hand of one,
With coronnetted brow ;
And I may seem to court her smile,
And seem to heed her glance ;
But my heart and thoughts still wander home,
To that sweet country dance.

Oft when I sleep, a melody
Comes rushing o'er my brain :
And the light music of that night
Is greeting me again.
I take her still small hand in mine,
Amid my blissful trance ;
And once more,----vision worth a world—
I led her forth to dance.



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